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The Vignette





WHEN DO WE EAT

—and where? Shall it be at the *Brunswick Cafeteria*—that little grotto in a big hotel, where the chef takes his art seriously—or shall it be at that delightful studio of confection, the *Brunswick Shoppe*, where dainty luncheons, teas and delicacies are served with such grace?

It depends upon one's moods and appetites—a light lunch at the *Shoppe*, a more substantial meal at the *cafeteria*—both served with daintiness and at prices that are modest indeed.



The Brunswick Shoppe
and Cafeteria

The Vignette

MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART

Valentine Number



BASHKA PAEFF

Courtesy of the Jewish Advocate

THE VIGNETTE

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A VISIT TO BASKA PAEFF

It was on a Wednesday afternoon that I left school early to start on a joyful pilgrimage. Walking across the common after leaving the subway, I felt very happy and a little more excited every minute. There was a brisk, hearty tang to the wind that blended with my mood and spurred me on. A few people resting here and there on the benches and others passing glanced at me idly while I longed to startle them out of their complacency with my own mission of joy. I was going to see Bashka Paeff!

Up Joy Street and down the other slope I went past hurrying, chatting students, noisy children and darting automobiles. I found Number 38, a low doorway in a weathered brick wall. Inside was a small, dark hall. Then I noticed a little sign and following its directions started up a long flight of stairs. A soft gray-brown, dusty atmosphere enveloped me. It was perfectly silent. At the top of the stairs there was a bend in the hall and I looked ahead to see it stretch on in dimness. Next there was a little box of a room and then another long hall. By this time the mystery of the place had begun to enfold me. I expected nothing less than a fearful ogre or a sleeping princess around the next bend. I found Bashka Paeff in her studio with a pleasant smile to greet me and the sun streaming down on the beauty of her sculpture.

Miss Paeff wore a coat of a mellow, rough weave and a soft, green hat with a curved brim. She had such a friendly face with deep, dark eyes that I immediately felt at ease and was glad for my mission.

The Maine Memorial covered a large part of the wall on one side and near it a dog and many children's figures. Every bit of the wall was covered by photographs of sculpture, reliefs or plaster casts. All of her work was gathered together for the exhibition at the Guild. I looked around trying to appreciate it all. There were many little children, round and supple and delightfully fresh.

Miss Paeff uncovered two or three casts. "Perhaps you'd like to see these, my father and mother, I did abroad this summer." The heads were beautifully modeled like all Miss Paeff's work, showing subtly the character of her parents and a peculiar pride and joy which must have gone into their creation.

Miss Paeff was very much interested in our school and talked about her own days here. "I just took a general course, drawing and painting and metal. I took modeling at the Museum. I love the work so, I just work for the joy I get out of it. That is how it must be, I suppose to attain real success. There is just patience and perseverance and keeping right on all the time."

I thought of Mr. Major's motto up in the Painting Studio. "Permanent success is attained only by incessant intellectual labor always inspired by the Ideal." Bashka Paeff certainly fulfilled the definition. She was so obviously happy in her work, radiating the joy she gained from her creations.

Noticing my study of a little figure she said, "Don't you know my little boy with a bird? I did that at the Museum. It was just a little sketch for a composition and I never imagined it would



MISS PAEFF'S STUDIO

Courtesy of the Jewish Advocate

be used so much."

I lingered a little while longer and then took my way back along the narrow corridor. A few people stood at the bend this time, but they were mist clad figures to me. I closed the little door behind me

and felt the rough wind bustle me on unceremoniously. From the top of "Liberty Mall" I looked down to Boston, on groups of people, seeking home. They brushed by me indifferently as the world rushes on, but I had my moment of silence and beauty.

UNTOLD DEEDS OF A FAMOUS MAN

Even famous men have peculiar tastes and habits sometimes. I remember hearing of one great man who persisted in wearing a night cap to bed; one of those white boudoir affairs fitting snugly and coyly about the face and tied daintily under the chin. The top part is neither cut straight across nor rounding, but runs gaily, merrily into a delicious point from which dangles a pom-pom. But there, I'm rather forgetting my subject which was to show the deep interest and fascination porcupines hold for certain people. I shall not mention any names as somebody in this school, who is neither student, instructor, nor director, might feel embarrassed. I believe the first meet-

ing of friend porcupine came about something like this.

The person whose name I am not going to mention, but who has been said to faint when called upon to speak in a public gathering, sallied forth one day for to go a-hunting. He carried a trusty single-shot pistol boldly in his hand, the pride of his youthful soul, and about fifty precious cartridges nestled in his pocket. The youth wandered long and far, passing several black bears of tremendous size, two hungry lions, and a herd of deer, but found nothing worthy of testing his mettle.

Quoth he, "I've wandered long and far this morn and am footsore and hungry.



BASHKA PAEFF WITH THE
MAINE MEMORIAL

Methinks 'twere time I caught myself
some game ere night falls."

Suddenly what should come betwixt
him and despair but a tall tree and hang-
ing on the top a goodly-sized porcupine
of ferocious mien.

"Ah-ha," he chortled, "a foe worthy of
my steel," and straightway climbed a
neighboring tree of equal height. Twin-
ing himself gracefully about it, he took
true and steady aim with his faithful
bean blower and let fire. Right then and
there Mr. Porcy should have said fare-
well to this world, but did he? Ah, no,
he merely dropped a quill and calmly re-
mained on his perch.

The youth tried again. Another quill
dropped. Alas and alack, were I to say
he tried again and again it would not be

enough, for by my troth, at the end of
a half hour fifty shots were fired, fifty
cartridges bedecked the ground, fifty
quills wafted downward—and old man
Porcy remained winner of the fray.

'Twas not many moons after this epi-
sode when the youthful boy hunter be-
thought himself 'twould be right fun to
go a-hunting once again, and so he start-
ed gaily off on new and untrod land.
After many miles a culvert pipe, left in
the desert wastes by the Indians, smote
his eye. Curiosity being a virtue not
only in the weaker sex, the youthful trap-
per peered within. Two flaming balls
that neither flickered nor wavered glad-
dened his hunter soul.

"A prey at last," he trilled ruffling

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THE ORIGIN OF BOSTON BAKED BEANS

BY MARVIN WINSLOW

Did you know that baked beans are comparatively recent? Beans, of course, are an old Indian delicacy, that is, boiled beans, bean soup, and the like. But baked beans are much newer. The belief that several pots of baked beans had helped to creak the boards at the first Thanksgiving dinner, is unfounded. Beans there were, of a sort, but these were never baked. Baked beans originated in the Hawaiian Islands. They were first baked on the small island of Kauai, on a sunny slope of great Waialeale. I had it from my grandfather, whose father knew a man who had an uncle who had been there and who heard the story at first hand from an ancient, wizened chief.

This old chief was pretty feeble when my grandfathers's father's friend's uncle saw him, but he was still very bright. He had a wonderful memory. He could tell all sorts of remarkable stories. He held the municipal cane for the oldest man in the Islands, at that time; and so far as I know, he's still living. He was really a most remarkable old man. He couldn't get around and he hadn't any hair left, but he was regarded as a kind of Oracle, and every day they used to put him out in the shade and let him answer questions. He hadn't any teeth, and his jaws were stiff; so he never talked much, but he was very dextrous with his feet. With a bamboo twig between his toes, he'd sit and write for hours in the soft sand. That was how my great-grandfather's friend's uncle happened to find out about the beans. They were sitting there one noon, eating a dish of beans, and all of a sudden it struck the old man to tell how they first came to be baked.

He said they used to have boiled beans and bean soup, the same as the Indians. Out there in the Islands they never bothered with dishes, there were so many gourds. These gourds grew in profusion all over the island and they constituted the main line of kitchen ware. The method of cooking in a gourd was unique. First, they made a fire and heated several stones red hot; then they rolled a gourd in clay and suspended it

half-full of water above the stones. This allowed the gourd to heat gradually and prevented it from cracking. When it was hot enough they put in the beans and lowered the gourd into the nest of hot rocks. In a very short while, the beans would be dancing merrily.

In some remote parts of the island, it is still possible to see the beans skipping and dancing in the gourds. It is said to be a very pretty sight.

One day, in a valley on the side of Waialeale, this was when the old chief was just a youngster, the beans were dancing in the gourd and without warning,—and very unexpectedly!—Waialeale ran over. The eruption was of a gentle nature, as eruptions go. There was the usual amount of smoke and rumble, and a long spew of lava undulated down the mountain side. It came straight down this particular valley and every living thing was forced to flee before it. Later, when the disturbance had abated, the people returned to their ruined huts, and, amongst other things, found the beans. The lava had flowed around the nest of rocks, making a hot jacket for the gourd, but never touching the beans. As the people approached, a thin, ambrosial wisp of steam arose from the smoking gourd and entered their startled nostrils giving wings to their feet. They ran to the treasure-pot and looked within; there were the beans, swimming in a pool of amber succulence, and emitting in gentle puffs a vapor so sublime as to resemble a sort of gastronomic Lethe. With unbelieving hands they broke the delicate top crust and tasted what is now the most popular dish on any island. The old man had tears in his eyes as he traced the magic words on the sandy beach.

When this man who had heard the story, returned to the States, he went straight to Mr. Child, who was just opening a new restaurant in Boston. He told Mr. Child about these baked beans and together they approached the chef. At first, the chef thought it couldn't be done because of the scarcity of gourds, but finally they found a substitute in the

brown earthen pot. Mr. Child featured the new dish as Boston Baked Beans, and had them served in the window in a gourd-shaped pot. All credit for the

introduction of baked beans into Boston is due my grandfather's father's friend's uncle, but the pleasing color note found in the accompanying slice of pink and white ham was Mr. Child's own idea.

FROM AN OLD BOSTONIAN

BY OLIVER WITHERSTONE

Charles Lamb was a very good fellow in many ways, I shall have to admit, but I do think he has made a little too much of one matter. In regard to roast pork—it may be very excellent, but certainly it cannot in anyway compare with our own Saturday night treat, baked beans and brown bread.

Sitting now in front of a roaring fire to warm my old, stiff bones, I can trace in the flames vistas of past feasts and of wonderful, jovial occasions when we enjoyed our favorite delicacy. I like to think of a time years ago when I was just a little field mouse like my Joe's boy. With the rest of the children I hurried home through the early winter dusk when Mom blew the whistle. We had been having a strenuous game of "kick the stick" and I had a glorious wind-swept feeling as if the winter wind had blown me clean inside and out. I know I banged into the kitchen feeling sort of blowy and very empty. Then I was thrilled! On the back of the range something which set me tingling. Saturday night! I had forgotten. I went close to get a good sniff and a long look. The large brown and tan bean pot was fairly bursting with importance. The top was off and Mom had gone for a dish to fill. A swirl of steam rose with all the garnered scents of a day in the oven. There the beans lay in a warm, sweet, delicious juice, so hot and fat and luscious that I could just stand and sigh in rapt wonder before I made a dash for the dining room to be in my place on time. So it has ever been with me and baked beans, and so it ever will be! Baked beans have become a part of my life and of the generations. You should see the face of Joe's youngster now, if we say on Saturday that it's too hot to keep the fire going all day.

We resorted to any means fair or foul to be sure we were going to have our

treat. I remember another time when I was a boy. Mother had a big sack brought up from the cellar. When I arrived in the kitchen, she was in the midst of a rattling good time. I just dropped everything and joined her. All over the table and floor were dried yellow pods which crackled deliciously when any one moved. We just ripped them apart to get the noise in protest. "Your father brought them from the country," said mother as I worked with a will. "I think I'll try a few spare-ribs with the beans this Saturday. We can have that last jar of mustard pickle. My preserves certainly disappeared this winter, but then they taste good with the beans. Your Aunt Margaret says 'I don't see, what you do with a quart of beans on Saturday,' I guess she doesn't know what my boys can eat." Then Mom started to pet me, but I just sidled out of the way, cause I was getting to be a big fellow.

Such golden fancies warm my heart as I look into the fire piecing together some of the very precious memories of my boyhood. Golden fancies; indeed they are golden brown ones! I should like to raise a little monument in words to those very baked beans, old friends now of boyhood and later years. They contributed so much to my happiness. They warmed my spirit as my father's smile cheered mother when she served beans, and we all sat on the edge of our chairs waiting.

Because beans are humbly clad they are more to be glorified. They never pretended to be anything greater than they really are, yet they are wonderfully satisfying. They held our family together if nothing else did. Even if we chaps got desperate after reading *Huck Finn* and decided to run away, we always managed to be home on Saturday night. I think we were always jollier

and happier at home because of our bounteous feast of baked beans and brown bread. That regular menu recurring as it did gave home the aspect of a peculiarly desirable place and showed us how to be content therein. It was so nice Sunday morning to have what was left of the feast at a peaceful, leisurely breakfast.

Yes, yes, there's no doubt of it, the baked beans surely were the old standby. They'll have to be the drawing card for all Saturday nights, I guess. Nowadays the boys leave home so quickly. Then Joe's oldest out already two or three nights a week, and looking at himself in the mirror every five minutes. No girl can keep him out Saturday night though! He always shows up and then Maime, that's Joe's wife, looks at Joe and says, "My isn't this fine! Seems good to get the whole family together once in a while." And Joe just grins and dips into the beans. When the steam rises, you can feel a little shiver of delight, go right around the table from little Joe to old grandpop, myself. The lights all shine and Maime, just to tease little Joe says, "I guess the baby had better not have any beans tonight. He had a headache this afternoon." "Mom!" That little codger's expression. It just tickles me yet. Then a benign peace settles on Joe's face when little Joe has his plate full and every one is busy and happy.

My goodness, here I've been muttering away and the fire's almost out. Ouch! It doesn't do for an old fellow like me to bend over too far. Ha, here's little Joe himself, the rascal, with his eyes all round with excitement.

Say young man, what do you mean by jumping all over your old grandpa like that. Hey? Supper? So soon? What's the excitement? I'm coming, slowly, slowly. Beans tonight? Bless my soul, I forgot it was Saturday. Ah, smell them. Here lad, perk up a bit and we'll go out in state. Hi, there, we're coming!

The lyfe so short, the craft so long to learn,
Th' assay so hard, so sharp and conquering.

"The Assembly of Fowles"

Chaucer.

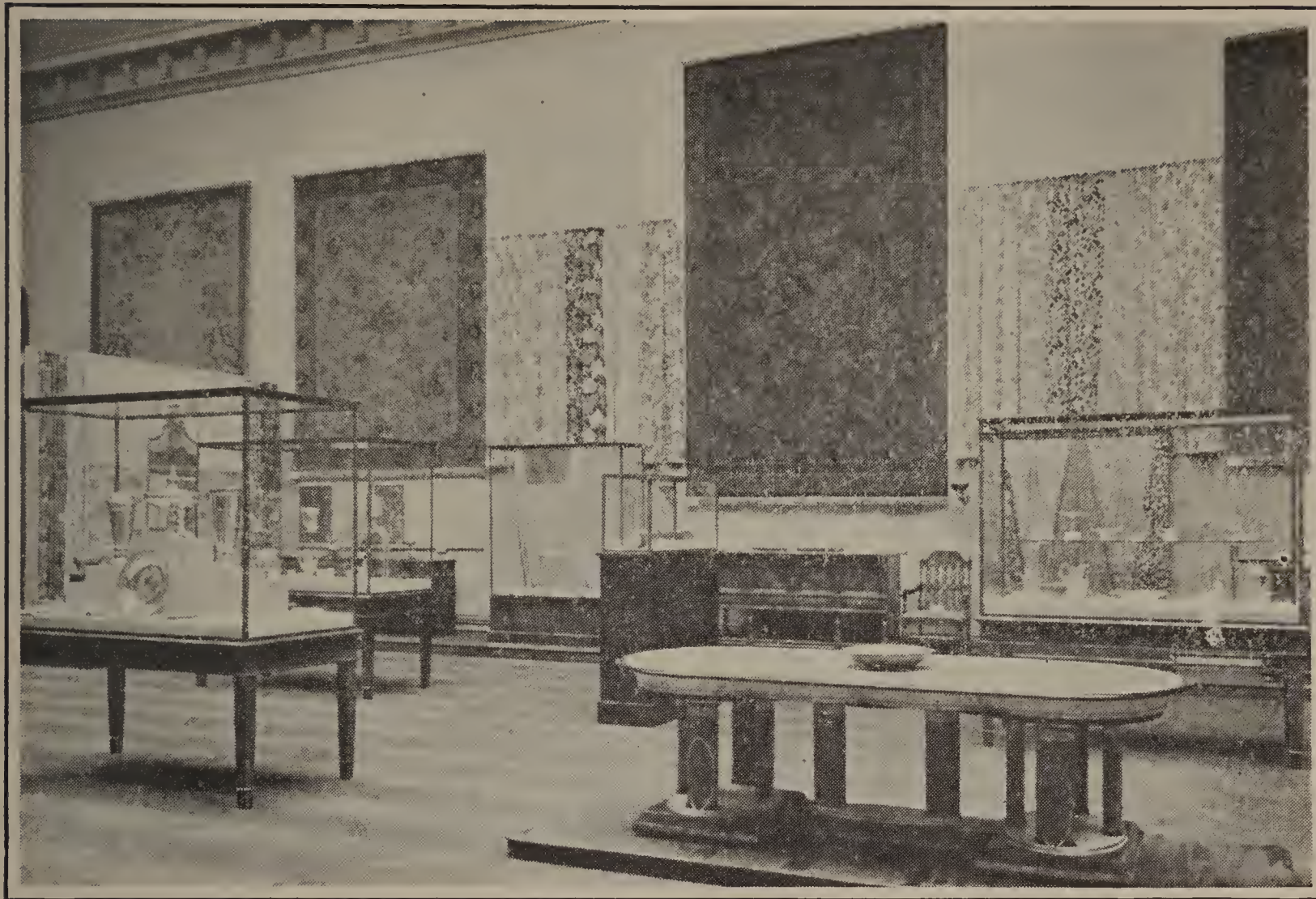
ART AND INDUSTRY

Through the courtesy of Mr. Albert Shaw, editor of the "American Review of Reviews" and Mr. Robert De Forest President of the Metropolitan Museum of New York we are allowed the use of the illustrations for this article.

From the time of the Greek Classics, we have had Art. By the term, Art, we mean that which expresses the beauty which the artist sees and feels. Art is, as we know, based on three elements; repetition, symmetry and harmony. The first is recognized by savages and children who find a delight in impressing an idea over and over again in as accurate a manner as they are capable of. The next step in development is the appreciation of symmetry. Harmony is the most important element, in producing a painting, a statue or any article having artistic merit. It is a subtle something which comes because of the desire of the artist to use his powers for the purpose of making a beautiful thing. A work of art has this element primarily, the other two, although minor, must be included.

Originally, Art was kept separate from everything. It was something which the majority of people could not appreciate or try to understand; it was not given to them. Museums were not free or easy to gain entrance to. Now museums are almost as useful as libraries; and, as admittance to them is free, more people may be, at least, acquainted with art works. Of course, we realize that everyone does not frequent museums; only people seeking to cultivate aesthetic tastes, students, and those who naturally love art, do that. Therefore the message must reach the other people who have neither the time nor inclination to think much about art, through some other means. We have tried to reach them by examples of artistic home decorating and furnishing, both in advertising and displaying in stores. There is another, a more penetrating method, by which we can accomplish our problem.

Industry has not always supplied our needs. It was only because of the increase in demand for useful articles that manufacture by machinery became known. Before that time, the necessary articles



INDUSTRIAL ART ON EXHIBITION AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM IN N. Y.

Not only the Metropolitan but all progressive Museums have for years endeavored to serve industry by making their treasures available for study and inspiration. This is part of the Metropolitan's tenth annual exhibit of this nature.

were made by hand, and gradually became works of art. This was because as time went on each article was made by one man in the community, who liked to make it, and who did it most skilfully. This was the beginning of manufacture. As the communities grew larger, a way had to be found to increase the supply with the demand. Machines which could make production quicker were invented. This, naturally, decreased the thought of the artistic value of the necessities of life. All minds turned toward speed and accuracy, two factors which are not prevalent in hand work.

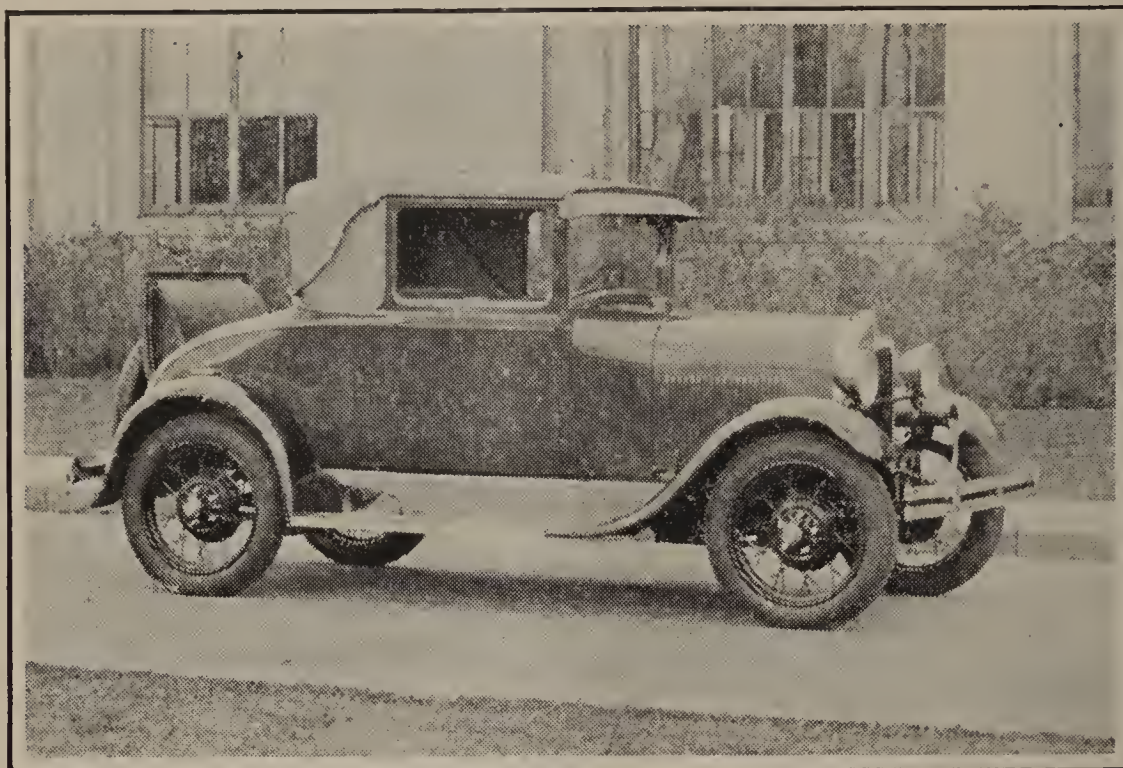
It has finally become evident that something is lacking in the artistic quality of industrial goods. "The dynamic side is needed, but invention of the useful does not succeed in controlling the markets of the world. A nation with its laborers all educated in their taste for beautiful forms will give graceful shapes to their productions and command higher prices for them. The graceful shape and the

proper ornamentation charm the purchaser and he willingly pays a higher price for the beautiful article of usefulness if it is made by an artist than if it is made by a mere artisan."

In 1851 at the first World's Exposition, England awoke and found that her industrial work could not be compared with that of France and Belgium. From that time on, England has been improving her standards.

And now, America has been awakened partly by the Exposition in Paris in 1925. We, of the newest country, have been putting painting, sculpture, in fact, Art aside as something separate, subordinate to the supposedly "Serious business of life; such as science, politics, morality, religion," and industry. Now we are finding out that if we bring Art into industry we are going to supply the wants of humanity far more satisfactorily.

In New York last Spring the R. H. Macy Department Store undertook to hold an Art-in-Trade Exposition to show



HENRY FORD NOW ADOPTS BEAUTY

The ever-growing demand on the part of the American public for beauty in the things which they buy has forced Mr. Ford to transform his famous Model T into a most alluring new product. A variety of tasteful colors replaces the old-time standard black, and the lines are much more graceful.



A DEPARTMENT STORE CONDUCTS AN ART-IN-TRADE EXPOSITION

Last spring R. H. Macy and Company of New York undertook this experimental demonstration of the progress made by manufacturers in introducing good design in articles of common use. They were able to obtain the co-operation of Mr. Lee Simonson, of theatre fame, and Miss Virginia Hamill, industrial art counsellor. His design of the galleries and her backgrounds and her displays attracted wide attention.



THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OF MODERN DECORATIVE AND INDUSTRIAL ART

Held in 1925 in Paris, with the co-operation of leading department stores it showed the post-war trend of the European conception of attractive and livable design. This picture shows an exhibit of Dumas furniture, the rounded shape of the room and its treatment deserving study.

the progression made on the artistic side of manufacturing in America. In this experiment, it being the first of its kind in this country, the Metropolitan Museum of Art was consulted for advice. This showed an appreciation of the efforts the museum has been making to put good design into manufacturing. As Robert DeForest, the president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, said "Also, from the Museum's standpoint it was an important opportunity to compare the attractive force of a purely artistic demonstration against a background of business life with the results of similar displays in the atmosphere of the museum."

The Exposition was carried on in a most effective and fitting manner, due to the fact that those commissioned to organize it were the right people. Mr. Lee Simonson, one of them, being noted

for his staging of plays for the theatre guild, and Miss Virginia Hamill, who "contributed a wide knowledge of the available resources and discriminating taste in the selection of the exhibits from them," were directors.

We have all heard Mr. Farnum speak of the growing demand for art in industry, and that he thought it was the only thing that could happen. It is coming, and right in our time, when, as he says, it will give us, who are just starting, a different viewpoint to work from. It will give us many more opportunities to put our talents to something useful and into articles which will be used by all people. If we absorb all the knowledge, or even part of it, which Mr. Farnum is helping us to obtain, and then give it to the whole country in things which are used and will be appreciated, it is going to raise the standards in good designs



COLOR AND THE KITCHEN

Why should a kitchen be drab and dreary? Why should it be glaringly white? Here is one of six suggestions by Wanamaker, the color scheme being red and gray. Not only walls and curtains carry out the color effect, but also the cabinets, ice box, and table. Even the cooking utensils are red enamel ware.

and beautiful colors.

We have seen exhibitions at the Copley-Plaza which have combined beauty with industry, not only in the actual making of the articles but also in the

displaying of them. And now, *we* can help to develop this idea which has been forming for some time and which is growing, very surely!

HELENE DAUPHINEE



"GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES"

This is a silk design by Stehli and the picture by Ralph Barton which inspired it. A recent tendency is to make use of objects and ideas from modern life.

AN IMPRESSION OF THE
CHINESE THEATRE

MARGARET HALL

A rising of strangely strident sound. It was only fitting, I thought, that cymbals should announce the arrival of strangers into that so different atmosphere.

Clang! Crash! The strident voices of the two actors on the stage rose high and higher, above the weird scrapings of the instruments. Flashes of color vibrated through the hazy air, a crimson, throbbing against a golden orange, a writhing green intruding itself upon a yellow, starkly brilliant and yet softly old, delicate shades of rose and ultramarine vying with sombre black. Pink and blue! A combination as old as color itself; a combination used by Pompadour as her very own.

Somewhere to my left a match spluttered and from long yellow talons, a cigarette sent up a thin azure spiral of smoke. A soft footed figure brushed by, a shadow from China itself. A woman sat near, her burningly scarlet lips open wide, her almond eyes shining. She wore French heels and her hair was bobbed. The very ceiling seemed lost in space, all was bewildering unreality.

A fantastically garbed figure was on the stage. A finger stroked an obviously false beard and a single sound was uttered. Instantly every impassive watching face was alight with laughter. A property man, leaning over the back of a nearby chair, smiled faintly, probably in sympathy.

The plot of the play? We did not know. But our imaginations gave us each a story. Our heroine was the exotic little maid in the golden headdress and our hero was a Chinese Douglas Fairbanks with the same genial swagger and ever-ready smile. The villain was a terrifying figure all in black. We were glad to see him captured by policemen and more glad to see him sentenced to death.

The weird music, sometimes entirely drowning out the voices of the actors, crept into our beings. The rhythm oft repeated, wove around us the spirit of Chinese people. It was the last thing we heard as we shut the door behind us and the echo of it seemed to follow us down the cold, windy street.

ST. VALENTINE

PHYLLIS AUGHTIE

Poor St. Valentine! To die gloriously the death of a Christian martyr, only to live in the minds of carefree youths and maidens as the patron saint of love! We'll have to blame it on the Romans, or rather the feast of Lupercalia, in memory of wolves, at which youths drew the names of maidens, the ones drawn receiving gifts and attentions throughout the year from those who possessed their names. At this time the birds were supposed to mate, and spring to be ushered in. St. Valentine's death occurred on the same day, February 14, so the holy fathers tried to substitute the names of saints for those of girls. It didn't work—why should it! Thereafter, the Churchmen gave up in despair, and as usual, Youth and Love had its way, for the Pagan custom has come down through the years under the name of one who died to stamp out this very Paganism. Verily, this is Fate!

BEAUTY

When oft' the Maker flings His shawl
Of gold across the sunset sky,
There rushes to my soul the peace
Of other sunsets long gone by.
There's gold for every joy I've had,
Entwined into the shadows mauve—
The shades of Death's faint whisp'ring
land.

Where fairy fancies sing and rove.
And when the sea is tossed up to
The ochre sand that skirts the shore,
My memory is tossed about
The beauty that I've known before:
The trees that gently stand and pray,
A brook's sweet tinkle on the stones,
The sunlight on a fair-haired girl,
A copper bowl's brown glinted tones.
Dear Mona's smile and Dante's lines,
Assisi's silv'ry dusted ways,
The shadows on a city's walls,
The way that autumn's soft grass
sways.

The dried leaves of a mellow rose,
A song at evenside sung low,
My life's one wistful memory
—The grey eyes of one I know.

DORIS THORESEN



ONCE UPON A TIME

A Day in 1897

Reluctant spring has come again to the ancient city of Boston; the evergreen mats have been removed from the tulip beds of the Public Garden, the crocuses are abloom in the grass plots of the stately mansions on Commonwealth Avenue and at the Massachusetts Normal Art School the students are reassembling after the April vacation.

The girls are bewitching in shirt waists with starched collars and cuffs and skirts that almost sweep the pavement; bright eyes dance beneath hat brims bedecked with ribbon and flowers and cheeks glow with natural bloom.

Enter with us, gentle reader, and explore this Art School unique in the history of our country. Through one pair of ponderous doors we pass to be confronted by a similar pair inhospitably locked. We turn to the left into a little alcove (now the Dean's closet), closed on one side by a high wooden gate. We turn again to the left and enter a large office, somewhat sombre in its finish of brick red. Across the bow window stands a massive desk from which Miss Hinckley, the Curator, directs the machinery of the school. At the side of the room is a large fireplace with cabinets on either hand containing beautiful objects in pottery, glass, and metal, gathered from all the world. The wall at the far end of the room is lined with books and between the book shelves and the fireplace is a window through which the morning sunshine falls. Before the window we see a long table with large, neatly written lists of names outspread upon it and as the students pass in single file the Curator, assisted by the Office Boy, check each in turn.

Moving to the right, we pass into the main hall of the building and are now on

the inner side of the locked entrance doors; before us are the two draughting rooms of Class C which are destined to remain for many years unchanged. Turning to the left, we ascend the stairway but pause on the landing to look out at the spring sky and the narrow strip of lawn on the south. Indeed, we may well pause on this stairway for the walls are covered with prints and photographs of paintings by old masters. Here is an excellent color print of Tintoretto's "Miracle of the Slave"; here the keen eyes of Rembrandt's "Old Woman" challenge us and at the next step we are confronted by the friendly leer of "Hille Bobbe". Little by little we learn to know them all and to feel at ease in this distinguished company.

On the second floor, commonly called the Class B floor, we peep with proper awe into the office of the Principal. Like the office below it has a bow window, a fireplace, cases of books and well filled cabinets. Mr. Hamilton's studio occupies the north east corner of this floor and Mr. Munsell's the north west; in between are two small studios where life classes are often held and Miss Bailey's office, a small room, rich in draperies and bric-a-brac.

At the west end of the corridor, as also of that below, is a locker room and nearby, against the south wall of the building, a stairway balancing the one at the front. Along the south side of the passage are several small rooms, one of which (now "The Haven"), is filled with wooden lockers for clothing. Ascending another flight we reach the Class A floor where first-year students struggle with such subjects as Orthographic Projection, Isometric Projection, Projection of Shadows, Machine

Drawing, Building Construction, Model Drawing Theory and Perspective in addition to drawing and painting from Casts, and from Objects of various kinds.

We are standing in a long corridor with the "Public School Class" room (Miss Flint's room) at one end and a small office at the west end. The south wall between the twin stairways is banked with small material lockers. At the north of the corridor is the lecture hall, the largest room in the building, which we will now enter and take seats at the clumsy desks that fill the space in serried ranks.

On the platform at the eastern end Mr. Jepson is demonstrating conic sections. "Pass a cutting plane through the cone" he is saying, "at forty-five degrees to the axis." "Now we don't want the top of the cone any more, throw it out the window." Comprehension, bewilderment or despair may be noted upon the faces which are turned to the speaker but a gleam of hope overspreads them all as the clang of a bell rises from below. We descend to the street floor and see the Office Boy beating the resounding air with a large hand bell. The students come trooping down, laughing, chatting and calling to one another. They congregate in a large and dingy room in the north east corner of the basement furnished with long tables and a few stools. Because the stools are few, the students sit upon the tables making merry over the cold lunches which they produce from boxes, bags and neat brown packages. A few of the opulent patronize the baker's man who comes every day to his stand just inside the Exeter Street door, bearing a great market basket filled with sandwiches, coffee rolls and cookies. When lunch is finished the piano, which we noticed near the Newbury Street entrance, is opened and the girls dance in the long corridor. The boys may look on but are not allowed to share the rhythmic exercise.

Presently the bell sounds again, there is a scurrying of feet on the stairs, locker doors slam, canvases, palettes, T squares and drawing-boards are hastily assembled and the work of the afternoon begins. At two o'clock the Office Boy and his bell present their last act for the

day, the joyous clatter of departure is heard on all sides, the outer doors stand wide open and the students pass out into the sunny streets. Now the cleaners wield their brooms and dusters and set easels and chairs in order. Emptiness and silence prevail save where, in one of the larger studios, a band of enthusiasts has organized a sketch class. Work goes on more or less quietly until four o'clock, when a corpulent form appears in the doorway and Granberry, the faithful janitor, regards the group with an indulgent smile, "You-all better go 'long now," he says, "Ize goin' lock dis place up tight." There is a momentary flurry of movement and chatter succeeded by a return of quiet as Granberry descends to the basement where Mrs. Granberry is preparing the evening meal. This is a cheerful kitchen even though the windows are small and high. A substantial coal range suggests winter comfort and the crisp, starched curtains reflect the afternoon light; situated directly beneath the main office, it is the chief feature of a labyrinth of small rooms where students never penetrate. At one side is a large, square pantry fitted with many shelves; these gleaming plates and glasses give no hint of the paper and paint, the charcoal and pencils that will supersede them.

Savory odors drift out into the halls, dishes clatter for a moment and then silence profound creeps on downy feet through all the empty spaces. Shadows deepen in the corners, deepen into blackness and the Normal Art School is asleep.

We can hear the office clock whispering in rhythmic measure:—

Day comes, night comes,
Years pass away.
Tomorrow, tomorrow,
Will be another day.

A. M. H.

The Poetry Contest

Since so few poems were sent in and the conditions of the poetry contest were not complied with, we cannot present the award. We wish to thank those who sent in poems, some of which appear in this issue.



PORTRAIT OF DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
By Margaret French Cresson
Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries

My dear Mr Plummer,
I have to thank ^{you} both for
the compliment implied by your request
for my autograph and for your
congratulations upon my war memorial.
It is gratifying to me to know that
my work appeals to you.

Let me, in turn, congratulate
you upon being an art-student, — a
position that no real artist can get
beyond! I wish you success.

Most truly yours,

Daniel Chester French.

Glendale, Massachusetts.

September 14, 1926

Through the courtesy of one of our students we print this letter from Daniel Chester French. Mr. French writes of his war memorial in Milton "In Flanders Fields."

AN INTERVIEW WITH VENUS

"I will not answer any questions about the modern style of dress, or about prohibition, or the younger generation! I tell you that to begin with," she said, decisively. She had guessed that I was a reporter, and evidently, it piqued her to be interviewed.

"It's a steep grade up Olympus," I said. I could think of nothing else, for the moment, but was anxious to change the subject. It happened that I struck it lucky.

"Yes," she said, brightening, "it is. My son boasted that he made it 'on high' the other night. I don't know whether to believe him, or not."

"About your son," I went on. "Very remarkable fellow, I have heard tell, and I believe that he was really the originator of what we call St. Valentine's Day."

"Of course he was!" she replied, smiling. "Yes, certainly. He's responsible for practically every marriage since that notorious affair between Proserpina and Pluto. You remember?" I had not time to murmur that I regretted not being among those present at the actual occurrence of the famous elopement, for she hurried on, apparently forgetting me in the contemplation of Cupid's affairs. "But Sonny really doesn't get enough credit. St. Valentine's Day, indeed! That man had nothing whatever to do with it."

"He didn't?" I inquired, mildly surprised at this turn of affairs.

"Not a bit!" said Venus, decisively. "You see, it was this way. The poor soul was a Roman priest, converted by the Christians, and brutally killed—a martyr in the reign of Claudius. February 14, 269, I think it was." She shook her head dolefully, then she went on. "There happened to be an old custom practised by these mortals that on a certain day the young men were to draw lots. Each youth drew a card with a maiden's name written upon it, and that maiden became his sweetheart, or valentine, for the rest of the year. The Romans took this custom to England, where it became very popular, and now it is practically considered an Anglo-Saxon custom. In fact, I believe that the sending of valentine cards antedates Christmas cards by about

two hundred years."

She paused for breath.

"You have a remarkable memory," I said.

Venus smiled.

"Yes, I must admit that I have. But," she said, earnestly, "I want you to remember that my son started the whole thing. He is very original, very clever."

At this moment, the original son entered, swathed in a sporty raccoon coat and looking quite collegiate.

"Hello," he said, concisely, to me. "Mother," turning to Venus who beamed upon him with motherly pride, "I've got to have more money—all out of ammunition." He pulled a brace of revolvers from his pockets.

"He's still up to his old tricks, you see," smiled Venus.

I remarked that I must be leaving, and I said to Cupid, "You should be extremely proud to have such a beautiful mother." Whereupon he slyly winked as he replied, "Sure thing, you know! She's just had her face lifted. And How!"

HOWLERS IN SOPHOMORE EXAMINATION

The Industrial Revolution made women independent and economical.

Byron had radical parents—his father dying when he was four years old.

The Intellectual Revolution was divided into three parts: literature, art, music.

Laodamia was Wordsworth's deepest love. This poem was written in her behalf.

"On with the dance

Let joy be unrefined."

Byron's love was not returned, therefore he fell into the footsteps of his forefathers. (It is now clear why boys go wrong.)

"The Character of the Happy Warrior" was written by Wordsworth after the naval victories of Admiral Dewey.

"And off when on my couch I lie

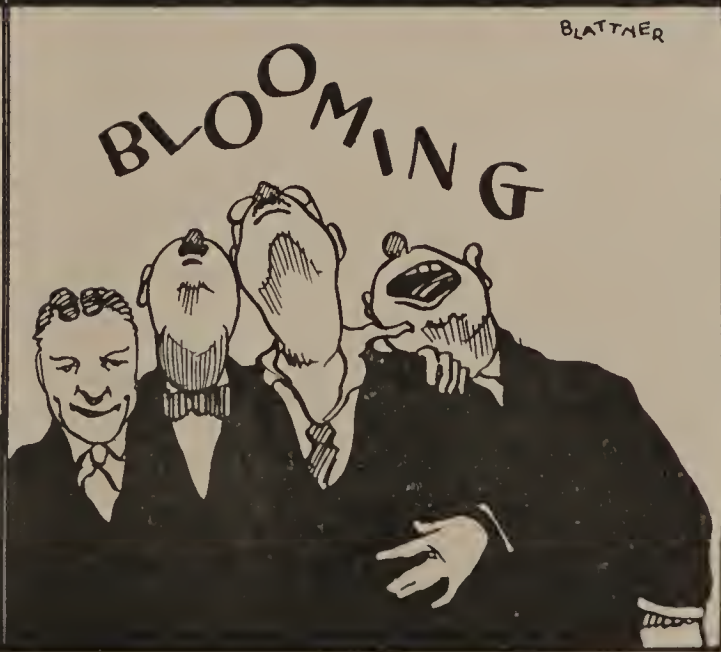
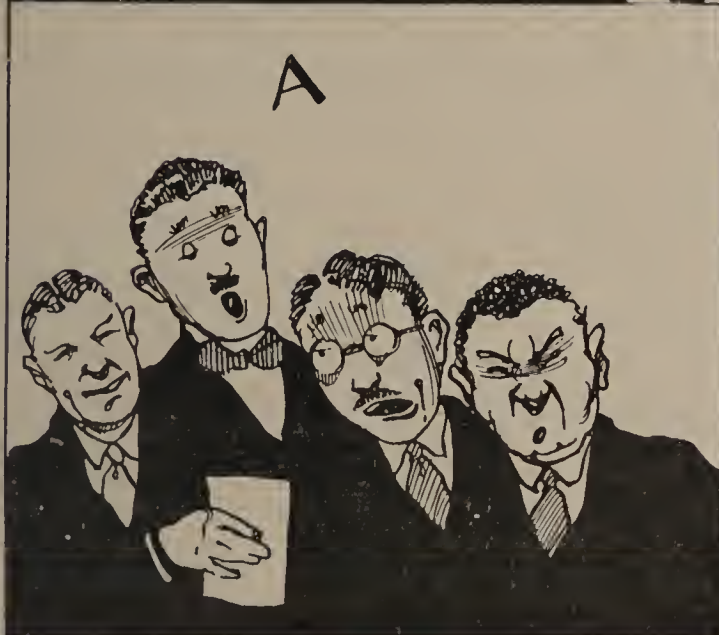
In vacant or in pensive mood."

Byron's mother was a very versatile woman, and didn't amount to much.

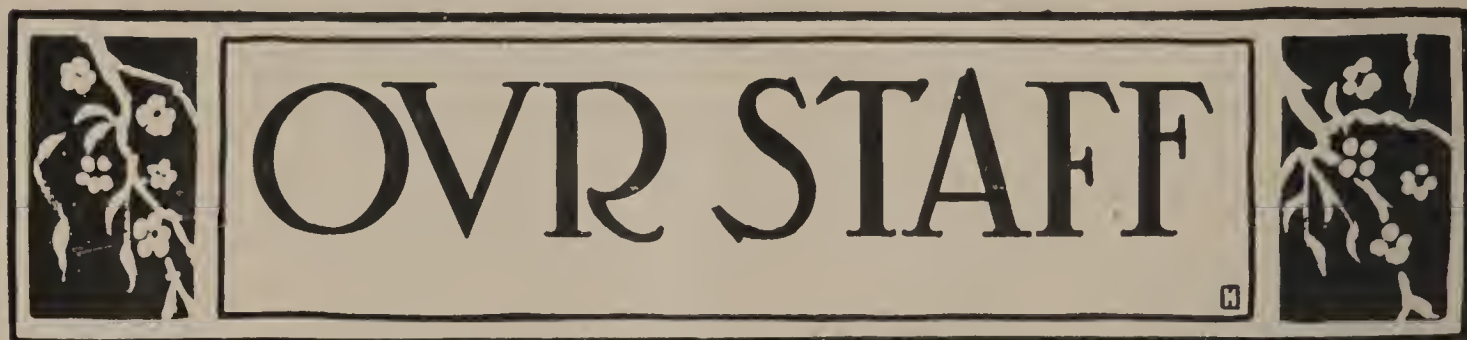
His father, who married his mother for her money, died when he was three years old.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

· WITH APOLOGIES TO BRIGGS & BEETHOVEN.



BLATTNER



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A FRIENDLY WORD

There is much to be said for the modest room on the "second floor front," whose door sometimes bears the legend "Faculty Meeting Here"; but neither time nor space permit.

Suffice it to say that all who enter there must leave dull care behind and joyfully prepare to explore for newer "hidden" treasures.

For the Illustrators, we offer
Howard Pyle, in "The Wonder Clock";
"Otto of the Silver Hand"; "Twilight Land".

Harry Clarke, in "Tales of Mystery and Imagination"; by Edgar Allen Poe.

Willy Pogany, in "The Adventures of Adysseus and the Tale of Troy"; by Padraic Colum.

Dugald Stewart Walker, in "The Girl Who Sat by the Ashes"; by Padraic Colum.

N. C. Wyeth, in "Michael Strogoff"; by Jules Verne.

Boris Artzybasheff, in "The Forge in the Forest"; by Padraic Colum.

For our Teacher Training classes, there are

"The Laughingest Lady"; by Elinore Cowan Stone.

"Little Citizens"; by Myra Kelly.

"Little Aliens"; by Myra Kelly.

"Creative Youth"; by Hughes Mearns.

"Creative Education"; by Henry Fairfield Osborne.

For the Designers, we are glad to have

Vol. 4 of the "Modern Poster Annual"; new to us.

Vols. 4, 6 and 7 of "Gli Adornatori del Libro in Italia"

(Book Illustration in Italy.)

Vols. 2, 3 and 4 of "La Moderna Zilografia Italiana",

(Modern Graphic Arts in Italy).

Sixth Annual of Advertising Art".

For the Costumers,

"Modes and Manners of the XIXth Century"; by Fischel and Boehn (translated from the German by M. Edwardes.)

"L'Histoire du Costume Masculin Francais"; by Paul-Louis de Giafferri.

For imaginative reading, these great stories; not new to us, but to our library: Pilgrim's Progress; Gulliver's Travels; Don Quixote; Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird"; The Swiss Family Robinson.

Other treasures are titled—

"Decorative Sculpture"; compiled by Georg Kowalczyk;

"Decorative Motives of Oriental Arts"; by Katherine M. Ball;

"Research—Design in Nature"; a wonderful set of plates, compiled by Mr.

John Gilbert Wilkins of the Chicago Art Institute.

Duplicate copies of the following books are a welcome addition to our shelves:

"Art Through the Ages"; by Helen Gardner.

"Constructive Anatomy"; by George A. Bridgman.

"The Human Figure"; by Vanderpoel.

"Figure Drawing"; by Richard G. Hutton.

There are other good things here, and more coming. The Library is growing, and we are ambitious. All the books are for everybody. Our greatest satisfaction is to see it (as we so often do) filled to capacity with earnest, happy workers. Keep coming!

E. B. W.

WITH VINE-LEAVES

BY DORIS WHITTAKER

On Friday evening, January eighteenth, through the kindness of Mr. Jewett, a number of us attended the performance of *Hedda Gabler*, at the Repertory Theatre. It is not often that we get together for any recreation of this sort, outside of school, and there was a little under-current of gay abandon that is possible only when kindred souls have assembled for a holiday. We entered the theatre in a spirit of bacchic geniality,—and we left with the glamour of vine-leaves in our hair.

Hedda Gabler uses the expression "with vine-leaves in his hair" to indicate what may be described as "the grand gesture." People frequently speak of coming away from an Ibsen play feeling depressed, but no one could have experienced such a sensation Friday evening. Hedda Gabler becomes in turn, chilling, and terrible, but hardly depressing. There is too much of the grand gesture in her final contribution to allow of any dejection of spirits. It is Hedda who wears the vine-leaves, at the last, and under the law of retribution, it is Hedda who should.

In the present age of drama, when certain abnormalities of human character are frankly discussed and frequently depicted, Ibsen not only holds his place as

one of the greatest playwrights, but he also puts the blatant, and too-candid moderns to shame. He has drawn Hedda Gabler in lines of fire—and ice, disclosing certain necessary facts with a searching clarity, but never vulgarly. Here is the unlucky lot of an intelligent woman with nothing to do. That is not the whole of Hedda Gabler, but it is enough, enough to make of her a soul-less terrible figure; as a young girl, a victim of an hyperaesthesia from which she never recovers, and as a woman, a victim of a killing, maddening boredom. One of the most common and least considered tragedies of life is that of the woman intellectually equipped for an active life, to whom the need for action never comes. An alert mind, finding no necessity for its capacities literally goes astray, becomes obsessed. Hedda's obsession was an obsession for action; to have some part in the life of which she was only an onlooker. In her words, "to have the power to mould a human destiny."

Brought up in luxury, carefully shielded as a girl, there had been no outlet for her active mind except in covert conversations with Lövborg, whose admittance to her father's house is hard to understand. Hedda Gabler is possessed by two conflicting forces; one, a craving for life, increased and inflamed by her contact with Lövborg, and the other, a morbid shrinking from any gratification of desire. The tragedy is not that she is ruled by these things, but that there is nothing to take their place; the tragedy of the blazing intellect, for lack of fuel, burning itself out. This constant conflict within gives to Hedda Gabler, a chilling calm, a kind of freezing intensity, which makes of her one of the most distinctly unpleasant, though stimulating, characters of the stage. Katherine Warren's Hedda Gabler is something to remember. She moved through the scenes with an almost cruel dignity. She gave to her portrayal a cold, classic beauty and a suggestion of concealed fire that was vivid, and, at times, terrible. Miss Warren is never out of character. Her Nora Helmer is remembered as a thorough and pleasing characterization.

The play moves forward through a succession of colorless boredoms on Hedda's part. She marries Jörgen Tes-

man to escape the ennui of her social life, and finds herself thrust into a genteel poverty where there is even less to employ her mind. Another woman might have enlivened a life with a man whose ruling passion was "to deal with the domestic industries of Brabant during the Middle Ages," by forming an alliance with Judge Brack. Hedda is too severe a judge of herself. She can do nothing that will create a scandal or cost her her self-respect. She is too much of a coward to take what she wants; she admits this, but declines to risk further self-contempt. When Lövborg again comes into her life, the grip which boredom has on her shows signs of lessening. At last she is to have a hand in moulding a human destiny. With a devilish innocence she spoils Mrs. Elvsted's chance at happiness, and then, having tested Lövborg, she sends him out, confident of his success. There is no warmth in her regard for him, only a certain fire in her own achievement. "He will come back with vine-leaves in his hair!" she cries, exultantly.

When Lövborg comes back it is not at all as Hedda Gabler intended, and she is forced to admit that she has lost her faith in the vine-leaves, but she still requires of him the grand gesture. He has failed. He shall take one of her pistols and do the only thing left him, "and beautifully, Eilert Lövborg. Promise me that!"

But Eilert Lövborg does not do it beautifully and Hedda finds herself at the mercy of Judge Brack, since he has seen Lövborg and recognized the pistol. Hedda's efforts have ended differently than she expected. Her position now becomes unbearable. The only solution is the mate to the pistol which served Eilert Lövborg, and Hedda Gabler at last has a hand in moulding a human destiny. She passes from an unfortunate existence with a new ring in her voice—and with vine-leaves in her hair.

Heard in the Lunch-room

When we have spare time we develop our minds:

Sophomore: "Who were the two generals who crossed the Delaware?"

Another Sophomore: (brilliantly) "Washington, and how!"

FORECAST FOR BOSTON AND VICINITY

Within the Next Four Months More Than One Hundred New Photoplays—Clever and Silly, Hilarious and Stupid, Virile and Frothy, Tragic and Hokum-filled, Thrilling and Slow, Worth-while and A-waste-of-money.

How do you pick your movies? Or do you step up to the nearest box office with your eyes closed?

Or do you read the reviews of the critic with tastes most similar to yours and thereby spare yourself many dull hours in the theatre? Personally we swear by Robert Sherwood of *Life*. His critiques are not only penetrating but delightfully humorous. And he never patronizes. Sometimes Mr. Sherwood is too hard on a picture or too enthusiastic over a lovely lady, but such trifles are easily discounted.

However, if you are not sufficiently interested in your dumb friends to bother with the trifling faults of a private critic, you may possibly find this forecast of assistance. We handle only the best in the market.



FROM "THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY"



GEORGE O'BRIEN AND JANET GAYNOR IN MURNAU'S "SUNRISE"

First, "Wings." If you have not seen it already, toddle down to the Tremont and get your second balcony tickets. Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen, Clara Bow! A brief bit by the devastating Gary Cooper that we should like to cut out and frame. If only that were possible! Exquisite shots of silver planes and clouds and poplar trees. Air battles that really give you a thrill—especially if you happen to sit in the first row of said second balcony way over to one side. The use of the magnascope adds much of beauty and horror to these scenes.

When—if ever—you read this, Douglas Fairbanks' latest exhibition of applied athletics will be drawing crowds to Loew's State. We just wish to remind you that there are two leading ladies in "The Gaucho"; the flashing Lupe Velez, and the quietly gorgeous Eve Southern whom you saw as *Judith* in "Wild Geese." Do not anticipate seeing her in overalls again; this time she wears the robes of a nun.

We saw some posters for Norma Talmadge's "The Dove" last week, so that picture must be arriving in Boston soon. Perhaps you saw the play of the same

name from which this photoplay has been adapted. The ever clever Noah Beery is entrusted with the role Holbrook Blinn created. Gilbert Roland is Norma's leading man. All of which sounds very promising.

Another picture with a foreign locale—rather—is "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" which has the title of Professor Erskine's book. The Trojan War, including the horse, furnishes most of the plot; and Orestes and Helen's painful daughter seem to have been overlooked, which sad fact does not grieve us much. Of course, we must all see Hollywood's latest importation—Miss Maria Korda, alias Mrs. Menelaus of Greece and Troy.

We have made a mistake about that "latest importation." There seems to have been a more recent arrival. Miss Camilla Horn, the beautiful *Marguerite* of "Faust," is playing opposite John Barrymore in "Tempest." We can not tell you the plot of this picture, we know only that it has been in the process of filming for almost a year and that Miss Horn is the third to undertake that feminine lead.

Several unusually fine pictures that have been playing on Broadway are due in Boston soon. "Sunrise," by the great German director Murnau, has been showing since early in the fall. It is considered by some discriminating critics one of the greatest films of all time; some say it has little to recommend it but camera angles. All admit that it is rarely lovely and that Janet Gaynor's acting is exceptionally fine. Regardless of the arguments of critics, those of us who have seen "The Last Laugh," "Variety," and "Faust" will go to "Sunrise."

Two other cinemas that have been playing on Broadway are "The Patent Leather Kid" of Richard Barthelmess and Marion Davies' "Quality Street." The former is the best picture that Barthelmess has made in several years, the story of an insufferable prize-fighter drafted into the war. The latter is a photographic translation of Barrie's fragile comedy. Besides Marion Davies, the cast includes Helen Jerome Eddy and Conrad Nagel. More recently released is Lillian Gish's "The Enemy," which shows a woman's side of the war, the sacrifices of the bride of an Austrian soldier. In this Miss Gish does her best acting. There is another Lillian Gish picture, "Wind," somewhere around. We hope it has not been mislaid, because the reviews were very favorable and the plot sounded unusual and therefore interesting. Last in this paragraph—as a sort of surprise—is Charlie Chaplin's "The Circus." When we have said that this photoplay is Chaplin at his greatest, there is no need of saying any more about it.

TEARS

When I was a child my nurse would say,

If ever she saw me cry,
"Save your tears for the coming years;
You'll need them by and by."

So I'd stop; but at night I'd wonder
As I drifted off to sleep,
Why I'd need my tears for the coming years;

Now I know and I cannot weep.

DOROTHY E. SHARPLES

A VOYAGE UP THE RIVER

KENNETH H. BARTON

We customarily associate Boston's earliest historical background with the year 1630 when the present city was founded by a band of colonists under the leadership of John Winthrop. The subsequent events of the Puritan era and the thrilling days of the Revolution have imbued the city with a wealth of historic lore of which it is justly proud and which lends it a certain air of venerable distinction. Yet there is still another tradition associated with this region, less familiar to many because it is perhaps obscured by its seeming improbability.

On Commonwealth avenue near the entrance to the Fenway, stands a memorial to this other and earlier tradition, this historic legend that antedates Puritan Boston by more than six centuries. From an artistic standpoint this monument may leave something to be desired, yet it makes a dramatic and poignant appeal to the imagination through the story it perpetuates. Here gazing westward over the swirling streams of modern traffic, stands a bronze statue of Lief Ericsson, the daring Norseman who reached the new world in the year 1000 A. D. According to Icelandic sagas, he not only explored the New England coast, but is further believed to have sailed up the winding Charles when the present Hub, with its seemingly ancient Puritan past, was but a wilderness swamp.

There is of course but scant actual proof to support the legend, and if you are a literalist who must be shown, you will probably regard the whole affair as mere romantic poppycock. If on the other hand you occasionally like to delve into the realms of fancy and imagination you will want to make a voyage up the same winding river; for far up its placid reaches is another link with the old Norse saga, a sequel to the statue on fashionable Commonwealth avenue.

Suppose that you begin your voyage on the broad bosom of the Basin and sail westward under the new bridge at Cot-

tage Farm. Once past there you will find that the river narrows considerably as you glide by the Harvard dormitories and the ivy-covered stadium looming like an old Roman ruin. Presently, the great arsenal at Watertown appears on the right bank, and as you proceed on up the river to Waltham, numerous factories and coal yards dot the shores and give the landscape a most prosaic and unromantic appearance. As you leave the latter city behind, the scenes of industry fade away, and the river enters the broad quiet reaches of Auburndale. Here numerous coves and still backwaters intrigue the explorer and quaint tufted islets peep around the bend ahead. Woods fringe the shores with an air of quiet seclusion, and it is difficult to realize that you are a scant ten miles from the hustle and roar of Park street.

Ahead on the westerly shore lies the goal of this voyage, a tower of rough stones lifting above the treetops of the steep wooded bank. Having embarked and ascended the precipitous slope, you will be suddenly confronted with a thrilling challenge to your imagination. This tower, crowning the heights above the sleepy Charles, marks the spot where the ruins of what was apparently a Norse fort were found. As you gaze at the garish amusement park across the river, it seems almost incredible that this quiet knoll was ever the haunt of the Viking rovers. Other than the supposedly ruined fort, they left no traces behind them, and the evidence is so slender that the literal minded are apt to dismiss the whole story as a myth. Had you been a literalist, however, you would never have made the voyage up the river; so perhaps now you are unwilling to discount the tale wholly.

Should you stand on that wooded height in the crispness of a late October sunset when the mystic spell of the quiet places haunts the tangled woods, you may experience a sudden intangible realization that the old legend is not so improbable after all.

Down the river, an occasional car whirls across the grey bridge, and far to the east a great metropolis begins to assume its garish robe of night. Yet here by the old stone tower no sound breaks the peace and silence of a wood's twilight, as the sun sinks behind the

smoky hills. Below in the dusky swale a clump of red maple makes a splash of scarlet among the clustered spruces. The wraith-like mists rising from the mirrored water are fragrant with a dank woodsy odor; an old frog croons a solemn bass from the edge of a sedgy pool, and a long ripple washing in the reeds murmurs the story of a Viking saga of one thousand years ago.

"The Glorious Apollo"

"I stood and stand alone,—remembered
or forgot . . .

* * *

I have not loved the world, nor the world
me,—

But let us part fair foes; I do believe
Though I have found them not, that
there may be

Words which are things, hopes which
will not deceive

And virtues which are merciful, nor
weave

Snares for the failing; . . .

That goodness is no name, and happiness
no dream."

CHILDE HAROLD

Just to see the extent of the Copley Square Library's references on a given subject two of our ambitious sophomores, Miss Chambers and Miss Beattie, "looked up" Byron. The much discussed poet evidently still holds a wealth of interest, for they found fifty magazine articles on Byron in current literature. References range from (No. 1) *Humor of Lord Byron*, by W. Sichel in the *19th Century Magazine* for Dec., 1920 to (No. 50) *A Romantic Biography* by John Erskine in the *Delineator* for Jan., 1928.

The point of this short announcement is: "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you."

SALVAGE

She wrote her love a letter
Telling all her heart.

She wrote her love a letter
With passion and with art.
Bitterness followed after.

With tears her cheeks were damp.
She tore to shreds the letter—

But she saved the stamp!

P. L. PACKARD

AT THE GALLERIES

Several exhibits have attracted notice since the last publication of the "Vignette." The Vose Gallery has been showing Old Masters once more and though these have been seen rather often there, they still continue to draw visitors. At the Guild, Woodbury, the marine painter has had a group of sea canvases which for some reason did not come up to all expectations. There are several studies in water color and one large oil painting which dominated the rest. This was particularly interesting to some of us because we heard Mr. Woodbury tell his reactions to that particular sea voyage. The subject for that picture was kept in mind for fifteen years before being used but the mental picture recorded while he was lashed to the mast of the ship during the storm still remains vivid. He stated that the greatest impression left to him was the elusive horizon line which has always at an angle giving that sense of instability which he expressed in that particular canvas by using a slanted horizon line.

Around the corner from the Guild, the Art Club members are showing paintings ranging from the very ordinary to the modernistic. John Wharf, who has long had many admirers, has several of his brilliant water colors hung; Marie Danforth Page showed another of her fine mother and son portraits entitled "Her Son." Howard Smith had a rather interesting portrait of a medical man and Binder was represented with portraits, one of Henry Jewett. The sculpture was as interesting, if not more so than the painting, "Down and Out," sculpture of a man on a park bench received much notice. These above mentioned exhibits received the usual criticisms, but many of the most pointed darts were kept in order that they might be aimed in the general direction of 40 Joy Street. First, the whole exhibit was seen in a most unfavorable lighting, but even that would hardly excuse some of the horrors. Going around in rapid fire fashion, you probably noticed rather early the portrait of a mother, composition a la Whistler and painting in the free style of sign-board paint slingers. The price of this gem was a mere two hundred or so. On the side wall was a rather nice

group of orange flowers in a red brown vase with a nice warm shadow in the background. Not far from this little still life was a portrait of a child sitting in a peculiarly drawn chair. I really can't tell you what happened to the poor tot, whether she had been sat on rather hard, or just grew that way, but in any case when I saw the tag beneath it marked eight hundred dollars, I clutched my own one thousand and rushed on rather swiftly. Further down the room was a portrait of a girl in a red dress, the head of which was well drawn; it was in good composition too. Hanging very near it was a horrible little man with two hideous large bundles of flowers—what flowers! The whole thing was unfortunate. Not far away were three heads in the typically modern manner and a design with black dancing figures, the latter very pleasing in color and arrangement. A small oil painting of trains in a freight yard, on the opposite wall, had some good paint qualities and a good composition. One does not usually associate sign boards with beauty, but the one in this little canvas had elements of beauty; of train smoke nothing need be said, for it is beautiful anyway and especially in the early morning or at sunset. At the other end of the room you probably noticed a landscape of water by moonlight, by Lee Court. Of the sculpture exhibited there does not seem to be one nice thing to say, but the modern representations of New York while not satisfactory in design were lovely in color. In the small outer room were some fine etchings and some very original and well executed masks. As a whole it was pretty bad, the poor drawing being the worst feature; in many cases there was an utter lack of careful observation and a disregard of all harmony in color. And oh, I did forget to mention the fact that a dirty and rather pathetic looking alley cat was lounging around just for atmosphere.

HELEN STUART

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Sixteen members of the senior class have joined the Alumni Association. This opportunity is still open through the under-graduate privilege.

THE SACRED MOUNTAIN

I

This is a sacred mountain that we climb,
Its feet deep rooted in the core of Earth.
Its shoulders rounded by the winds of
time,
Its heart a memory of its fiery birth.
We climb toward a strange and lovely
shrine
That prays with rigid gestures to the
sky,
The thought creating thoughtless sky
that shines
And yields no answer to our human cry
Of awe and wonder—yet upon this hill
A thousand tribes of men have built for
prayer,
Hoping to bend the unseen to their will
And free their burdened lives from
tyrant care.
Yet save for the lonely shrine upon its
brow,
The mountain shows no temples built
ere now.

II

As we climb on, our feet disturb the sod
And buried stones that move within their
beds,
Disclosing fragments of forgotten gods
With stony smiles on carven stony heads.
Grim gods of war and smirking gods of
lust,
That once were worshipped on this
sacred hill,
Forgotten now and buried in the dust
Of those who worshipped—and of those
whose will
Commanded worship—tireless winds of
time
Have moulded back their forms to com-
mon clay,
Erased their lordly claims of power
divine
And hid their faces from the light of day
And our rude feet in climbing dare dis-
close
The fearful demon gods that here repose.

III

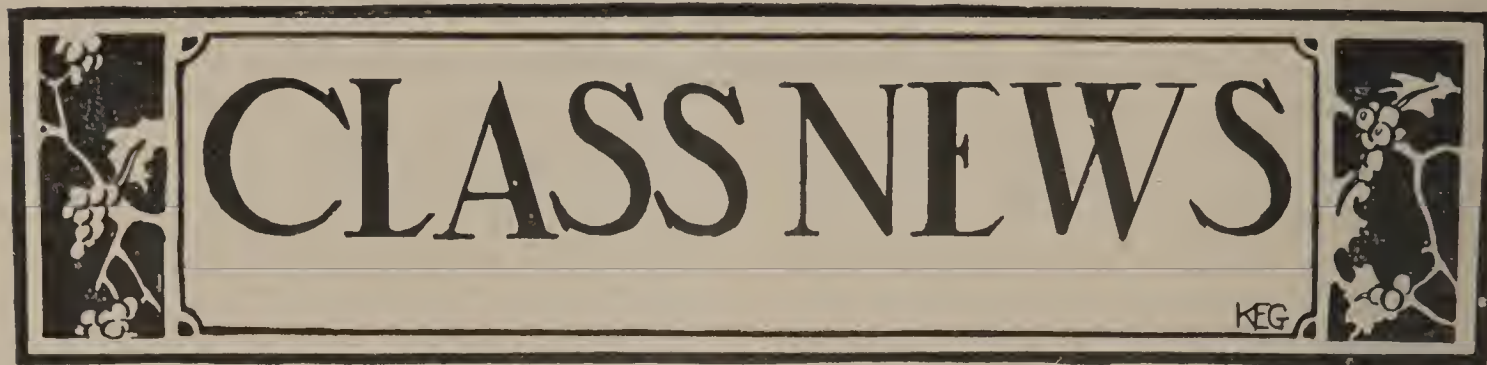
Horizons climb as we climb, zone on zone

The encircling plain expands—we pause
to view
The glory of it and a fallen stone
Serves as a vantage point for vistas new.
'Tis one of many round the mountain
flung
A rampart built of temples, built to
shield
A band of rude barbarians who had won
The temples from their builders, made
them yield
Their gold and treasure to a savage
greed,
Their art and wisdom to the jealous
flames,
Their bodies to slavery and the con-
querors' need
For building walls to guard what they
had gained.
The victors long ago have ceased to use
This block whereon our camera garners
views.

IV

We pass this rampart built of monuments
And others that the wars of men have
made,
And find the mountain's topmost battle-
ments
By lightnings riven and by tempests
flayed.
Here stands the lonely shrine with por-
tals barred,
Within it are the powers that now hold
sway,
Fashioned to gauge the rainfall, search
the stars,
And count the Earth's slow pulse from
day to day.
The Gods that slumber on the moun-
tain's breast
Were fashioned by men's fears and ruled
thru' fears,
The Gods here sheltered serve at men's
behest
And keep the record of the passing years.
We may not see the inner shrine today.
The priest has gone to town to draw his
his pay.

RAYMOND A. PORTER



CLASS NEWS

FROM YE FRESHMEN

We are growing! And, I verily believe, we are getting stronger. Mr. Porter, during one of his *sotto voce* talks said, "The artist's hand must be strong, and yet not clumsy!" Are we clumsy? I try to reassure myself, we are less clumsy, if such a thing can be true of freshmen. In fact we are acquiring a new dignity. Perhaps those enlightening reports we received not so long ago, revealed the "bare facts." One can improve only through failure. That is a comforting remark in disguise. When our hill seems steep, and the way is long, reassure yourselves, fellow-freshmen, we are fifty thousand strong. Many a mountain, you know, has dwindled to a mole-hill. "How many things there are in this world that I don't want." I agree with you, friend Socrates, and a crimson failure heads the list.

Did you notice, all you others, the luscious sandwiches, the enticing cakes and the steaming cups of glorified tea that we carried to Miss Bartlett's room, a Friday not so long ago? You wondered, did you not, what it was all about? Perhaps you were one of the "madding crowd," that teased for samples. If we were stingy, your forgiveness is asked, because we had a most important date on our calendar. Each freshman class is going to follow in our trend, and give the faculty a social tea. May we give you a hint or two? Mr. Brewster kow-tows to date and nut cake, and Mr. Wilder is partial to sweets! After you have finished your song and dance, and entertained a bit, I just vow you'll have had a splendid time.

Here's a bit of news that will interest many, I'm sure. Virginia Hunt, the young lady who brought tears and smiles to our faces at her own sweet will, has left for realms unknown. She is bound for the theatrical world, and, dear Virginia, we sincerely wish you success!

SOPHOMORE NOTES

Hail to Saint Valentine's Day with merry hearts, gayety and laughter! Winter is a-flying fast and spring is in the air! We should like to tell you of our future dreams, but first we must think of the present and of the past.

Furniture notebooks are in and we surely hope Miss Hathaway will not be as exhausted after reading them as we were after we had pushed Chippendale chairs, Sheraton sideboards, and Empire sofas into their proper places. Nevertheless, after so doing, we do feel more intellectual and cultured as we saunter nonchalantly up and down Boylston Street placing this or that "Antique" in its correct category.

Nowadays, many of our missing number are seen in Miss Phillip's workroom entrancedly pouring over an aromatic concoction in the glue pot, others are heard ardently discussing the respective merits of pigskin and cowhide, while others are ever so quietly hidden in the corners industriously plying the shuttle in the creative art of weaving.

Apropos of Saint Valentine's Day, we are saving our choicest morsel for last. Rebecca Bramhall chose to link Christmas and the good Saint's Day by getting married during the holidays. We miss "Becky"; we wish her happiness.

JUNIOR NOTES

It surprises me anew each day to see just how good it feels to be a junior. We have reached that point when our instructors are nearly convinced that we are not altogether stupid, while we ourselves feel that for the first time we are getting a real grasp on our work. It seems as tho we have a sudden clear perspective, when we see the big things big, and the little things, small. It would be hard to persuade the freshmen of this third year adjustment, who think they already stand so solidly on their artistic

legs. But a besmeared smock does not make an artist. That is why we try to keep ours cleaner than we did the first year. Cutting class is so inconsiderable, that when Mr. Farnum lamented in Assembly one day on the vagrant tendencies of students, we merely smiled complacently, so assured were we that the rebuke was not meant for us.

This sounds as tho' we are terrible prudes, or grinds, or whatever else you might call it. Not at all—we like our play, too. In fact, we like it so well that we could not even wait until the conventional time to hold our Junior Prom, and braving overshoe weather, set the date at January 27th. It was a very delightful party, held at Hotel Somerset. The patrons and patronesses were Principal and Mrs. Farnum, Mr. and Mrs. Alcott and Miss Cofren. Music for dancing was furnished by the Tectonians.

Many of the Drawing and Painting students are taking advantage of the opportunity of joining Mr. Dallin's modelling class, for a period of three weeks. In groups of three, these students retire to the clay bin, and gain a great deal of essential knowledge, besides getting the "modelling bug" out of their systems.

During the last month, each of us has turned reluctant and yet hopeful footsteps down Boylston Street to Bachrach's. Having passed thru' the ordeal of "looking happy" which expression our trembling lips tried hard to register, we lived thru' a week of palpitant expectancy, and then the proofs. Some of them made us happy; others seemed even worse than we really are. But they are only pictures. What will it matter in a hundred years?

SENIOR NOTES

The winter months drag on in fitful spells of spring and sparkle. New Year resolutions, now a thing of the past, troubled few if any of us, for difficult as it may have seemed to climb out of the ruts of least resistance, still more difficult is it to keep from slipping back again, once the initial spurt is made.

Initial spurt, end spurt, plateau, fringe,

respect, attention limit, and chase technique, all this have we gleaned from exposure to practical psychology. At last the practical part has been revealed, for who of us does not realise the opportunities afforded by 1928 to employ the chase technique.

Seriously, tho', the days slip by and who sleeps peacefully on the blissful tho'ts of a thesis well on its way to completion? We read with gratitude and pleasure the song of welcome to the Haven as a place of refuge in this undertaking, but dimly beneath in smaller print is a note of warning—come early and avoid the rush. However, it is a comforting tho't that it is sufficient to live in the present—provided the life is full, for it has been wisely said that the past is past, and the future uncertain.

A pleasurable past is a happy tho't, and one worth dwelling on is the delightful and refreshing entertainment which our Teacher Trainers gave us in assembly. Cherry blossoms and daring young females of a generation ago were alike charming and alluring. A rumor of a Valentine tea in token of appreciation for the help of the capable Sunny and her assistant is abroad. Further details of the tea may be had from Alice Kingsley.

In spite of the oppressing tho'ts of theses—it is quite impossible to escape them—the Designers seem to be bearing up superbly. In fact, they are quite on the top wave from repeated association with the superlatives of purity. Being 99 and 44/100 per cent proved, it floats, carrying with it all that is good and pure, including of course the Senior designers. We have heard that the Messrs. Proctor and Gamble have already annexed another multi to their title, due to the added publicity given them at M. S. A.

The Drawing and Painting students are so aloof, quite above us in certain respects, that little can be learned of their functions. It is a puzzling fact that altho' the Bridgewater murals are not to be frescoes, Lydia has been employing barrels of plaster in preparation. Perhaps the mystery will be solved in time.

This being all the news to date, and the truth about it, additional reminiscences will appear in the next number.

AFTERWARDS

When the Present has latched its postern
behind my tremulous stay,
And the May month flaps its glad
green leaves like wings,
Delicate-filmed as new-spun silk, will the
neighbors say,
"He was a man who used to notice
such things"?

If it be in the dusk when, like an eyelid's
soundless blink,
The dewfall-hawk comes crossing the
shades to alight
Upon the wind-warped upland thorn, a
gazer may think,
"To him this must have been a familiar
sight."

If I pass during some nocturnal black-
ness, mothy and warm,
When the hedgehog travels furtively
over the lawn,
One may say, "He strove that such in-
nocent creatures should come to no
harm."

But he could do little for them; and
now he is gone."

If, when hearing that I have been stilled
at last, they stand at the door,
Watching the full-starred heavens that
winter sees,
Will this thought rise on those who will
meet my face no more,
"He was one who had an eye for such
mysteries"?

And will any say when my bell of quit-
tance is heard in the gloom,
And a crossing breeze cuts a pause
in its outrollings,
Till they rise again, as they were a new
bell's boom,
"He hears it not now, but used to
notice such things"?

(From "The Collected Poems of Thomas
Hardy" published by the Macmillan
Company)

THOMAS HARDY

Ever since the death of Thomas Hardy
a short time ago we have seen here and
there comments on "the little gray man"
of Dorsetshire who ranks with the great
English novelists. He has preserved for
posterity the charm of the ancient folk-
ways and customs of the section of Eng-
land which he called Wessex. Though
his characters are often simple country

people, we find them swayed by the great
emotions and problems of life.

In perusing "The Mayor of Caster-
bridge," "The Return of the Native," and
"Far from the Madding Crowd" we find
Duffin's comment on Hardy's style sat-
isfying: "It carries with it an impres-
sion of stern, sad eyes, gazing steadily
and unflinchingly out over the wilder-
ness of the world's wrong."

Continued from Page 5

his abundant hair in excitement, and
straightway crawled into the opening,
his faithful peashooter in his hand. Like
the soldiers of Bunker Hill he did not
fire until he saw the whites of its eyes
and then, like those same soldiers, he
thought that the entire universe had come
crashing, creaking, roaring, about his
ears. After the smoke had cleared away
he looked in front of him. What ho, two
lights still linger.

"Methinks the wiser thing were to get
hence from this spot," he reasoned right

smartly, and thereupon attempted to suit
his actions to his words. But ah me,
what was full large enough to get in,
was not full large enough to get out, and
so for many minutes he twisted and
turned in futile waste of time with two
gleaming lights staring evilly at his
plight.

His exit can be termed in no other
way than a snake dance, I fear, and after
many sinuous snakey wriggles, he dis-
covered a combination of twists which
turned the trick. Once free, his zeal was

lessened not one whit, and finding no pole long enough to reach the occupant of the culvert, he set about cutting down a slender sapling some few feet away.

The sapling was trimmed, the culvert was there, the great moment was come! With the air of a conqueror he knelt, with a beautiful but modest gesture, he thrust the slender pole far in, and then, with ill-concealed pride and excitement, he drew out—a porcupine.

And, my children, the moral of this story is—

If for fame you are a-pining
Come with me a-porcupining.

THE MAGIC CLUB

VICTORIA ROSATTO

"Imaginations, fantasies, illusions,
In which the things that cannot be, take
place,
And seem to be, and for the moment are."

LONGFELLOW

The magician was old when history was young. Pharaoh called his magicians to interpret his dreams; Saul visited the Witch at Endor; the soothsayer warned Caesar to beware the Ides of March.

Black Magic, which consisted of charms and incantations to force the gods to do one's bidding, was suppressed with the advent of Christianity. Magic, however, still continued to be a great influence in the life of man. Magicians have existed in every land and every age.

Modern Magic differs from Black Magic in that no claim is laid to supernatural powers, its aim being to entertain rather than to inspire awe and terror. Knowledge of the laws of the sciences, combined with the study of psychology, enables the modern magician to perform his wonders.

In the Magic Club not only are tricks learned and invented, but time is devoted to the History of Magic throughout the ages together with the psychology of human behavior. Definite plans are under way for the initial performance of the Magic Club, which will be announced in the near future.

"What cannot Art and Industry perform,
When Science plans the progress of their
toil."

BEATTIE

GLEE CLUB

LUCY DOANE

Ever since Miss Damon's meetings with us in the rehearsals leading up to the Christmas Concert, plans for a Glee Club have been materializing.

The introduction of music into our school curriculum has been considered before, and these thoughts began to take form when the voices of the applicants for this, as yet unorganized, Glee Club were tested.

For some time there was a gap in the development, but at last a few weeks ago a meeting of the Glee Club was announced not only for those who had previously shown interest but also for others who wished to join.

Following this first meeting, an active rehearsal a week later brought together a good showing of harmonious sopranos, altos, tenors, and basses.

One of our students who directed the Glee Club at this practice chose many of the familiar melodies from the brown books. Mr. Hoff, who had been attending the Advisory Board meeting in the interests of the Club, returned with a report that this same Advisory Board had been considering the matter of securing a director for us from the Conservatory of Music.

That is as far as the Glee Club has developed but it has a good start, and the members are interested. We hope that this year of music will be a foundation for future Glee Clubs worthy of a school like ours.

NOW WE HAVE A DANCING CLASS

This is to announce the opening of the Aesthetic dancing class for students at Mass. School of Art under the direction of Peg Flexner and Miss Munsterberg. The class is held every other Thursday afternoon from 4 to 5 P. M.

POETRY CLUB

We are going to have a poetry club for kindred spirits. Watch for further announcements.

MY DEAR HEART

If I were to depart for many days
From my New England that I love so
true
I wonder would she change her charming
ways
To wear a worldly and a sadder hue?
Or would she still remember my delight
In her glad hills and valleys debonaire,
Her lovely elms and Georgian houses
white,
Her crystal streams and water sweetened
air?
I wonder would she grow her flowers
where
I've found them every year since I was
small,
Or would she let men build cheap houses
there
And not plant me a garden plot at all?
I wonder would my dear heart wait for
me
As maidens used to wait for youths at
sea?

B. S.

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